

**SONNET FOR SOPHIA**

**(On the Adoption of Sophia)**

Today I get the best of all there is –

A child so soft, so shorn, so shy, Oh Bliss!

A mom whose arms have ached so long to hold

The same as moms today and moms of old.

She's not my child, not yet, but could she be?

A dance of fear and opportunity;

We nurse and touch and sing, we dance and love –

These are the joys that all my dreams are of.

How can it be that what's the best for me,

Will drive another right down to her knees?

It seems to be a strange dichotomy

That you should look like her and laugh like me.

The best, my love, as far as I can tell

For both of us, Sophie, is just live well!